

Free Murda f/ ShaCronz

"Really Want None"

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[Chorus: Free Murda]

I don't know what, y'all want from me
I'm getting high, ain't gonna hide when y'all come for me
You know death got no company
When I die, you gon' catch me with that gun on me
Y'all don't really, really, want none
Y'all don't really, really, really, really, want none (yeah)
Y'all don't really, really, want none
Y'all don't really, really, really, really, want none (yeah)

[Free Murda]

Blow and scheme, but back off me, you got no CREAM
Something like Black Coffee, stay with the mack on me
Caught me at fucked up time, drunk
And I'm on flip mode, ain't talking bout what Busta
Rhymes, chump
And you smell this 'yac on me, and I'm like Batman
I'm try'nna get this cat off me
Before them boys holla something up, and it's the end
of the year
Them boys try'nna get a collar like a button up
Niggaz too rowdy, the gat gon' leave it cloudy
Then I disappear, like that car, I'm Audi
Don't say shit about me, unless it's out loudly
And I'm proudly saying to y'all, don't ever doubt me

[Chorus]

[ShaCronz]

If one of y'all niggaz violate, I'm gonna creep, y'all
don't wanna beef
I'mma make the streets hot like a summer heat
Try to hand niggaz a plate, but they ain't wanna eat
It's too late, I'm giving out wakes for whoever wanna
sleep
And I'm not soft, I got a glock four, layin' in my sock
drawer
I don't talk; I pop off
Shoot that talk later, I'm the 'truth' like that ball player
I got Prada shoes, all flavors

When the fifth cock, nigga, don't reach
Tryin' get shy like a kid who won't speak
We spray, I'm from the PJ's, out of town, or on the
freeway
But we leaving the crown in B.K.

[Chorus 2X]

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